

PASQVILS

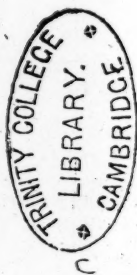
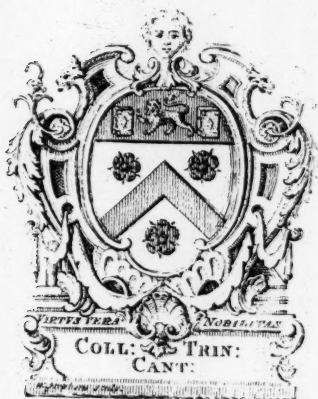
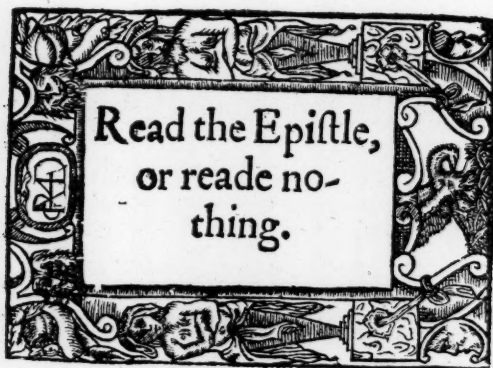
IESTS:

WITH  
THE MERRIMENTS  
OF  
Mother Bunch.

Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull.



LONDON:  
Printed by M.F. and are to be sold by Andrew  
Kembe, dwelling at Saint Margarets hill  
in Southwarke. 1635.







## TO THE MERRIE READER.

*The description of Pasquil and Mother Bunch.*



Oft pleasant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Booke, is but to make thee laugh, and to shorten the tediousnesse of a long Winters Euening. Know then, that noble *Pasquil*, the Author of these Jestes, was in his time, the onely merry companion, who for

Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Iouialty, was the merriest Grigg, (as saith the Story) that I euer read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*, the onely dainty, welsauoured, well proportioned, sweet complexioned, and most delightfull Hostesse of *England*, she was squared into inches, being in height twelue thousand and a halfe, wanting a fingers bredth iump, in bredth eleuen thousand, and two inches, and a nayles bredth iust; she spent most of her time in telling of tales, and when she laughed, shee was heard from Algate, to the Monuments at Westminster, and all Southwarke stood in amazement, the Lyons in the Tower, and the Bulls, and Beares of Parish-Garden roar'd (with terrour of her laughter) lowder then the great roaring Megge, shee was once wrung with winde in her belly, and with one blast of her taile, she blew downe Charing-Crosse, with Pauls aspiring steeple.

steeple. Shee danced a Galliard on Tower hill, and all the great Ordinance leapt for joy, and London shooke as it had beene an earthquake; Her quoridian, or dayly diet, was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roasted, with the Intralls, twenty three fat Muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld, fiteene dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and legs of seven dozen of young Chickens, and to close vp her stomach, ninety and nine dozen of Larkes well roasted, and forty seven dozen of twopenny wheaten bread, and to every loafe shee dranke a tun of her strongest May Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar: Yet she never did rise from the table (as saith the story) but with a good appetite. For her signe she perkt vp her red nose, that vshered her face, red as scarlet, which when shee stood vpright, looked over the City like a blazing starre, And when it appeared Bakers made hast, and Cookes came running, with whole Ovens full of Pyes, to bake at the sweltring heat which proceeded from her jolly red nose. A most precious and rich nose it was, set with Rubies of all sorts, and hung in clusters like your French Grapes, which being well preft, yeelded from the abundant goodnesse five tunne of well clarified liquor; She dwelt (as saith the Author) in Cornehill (neere the Exchange) and sold strong Ale, whose health to this day all joviall drunkards, never doe forget, the many vertues of her Ale is impossible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her best customers for a long time, vntill the report of her Ale had spread it selfe all England over. Young men and Maydes frequented her house, more then either *Pymlico*, or the now flourishing *Totnam-Court*.

She raised the spirits of her spiggot to such a height, that

that Maids grew proud, and many proved with childe after it, and being asked who got the childe, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches Ale*, and another thing had done the deed, but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches Ale* had all the blame.

Shee was an excellent companion, and sociable, shee was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a *Fart*, drink her draught, scratch her *Arse*, pay her groat, as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever. From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale-wives, whose faces are blowne as bigge as the froth of their Bottle-Ale, and their complexion imitating the out-side of a Cookes greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly goe round about her in a Summers after-noon. Mother *Bunch* lived one hundreth, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and halfe a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had shee lived but two moneths longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keepe his feet out of the cold swelling water. But she died, and left behinde her these pleasant tales following, which shee vsed to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deepe of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.



**T**Hese harmelesse lines that haue no ill intent,  
I hope shall passe in mirth as they were meant :  
What I intend, is but to make you sport,  
By telling truth to please the wiser sort :  
And what it is, that I haue aym'd at now,  
The Wise may judge, for Fooles I care not, how.





## Pasquils Jests, and Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

The Connicatcher and Priest of  
Paris.



**A** Lewd Knaue, a Cheater, espied a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arrived in the Citie of Paris out of the Countrey to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him, requested his ayde in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Priest?) It is sic (quoth he) this. The Parson of our towne hath giuen me money to buy a Surplesse, and I hauing small knotoledge in it, would request your ayde in the choyce of a good one, making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connicatcher called for some choyce of Surplesses, and desired the Priest to choose out one of the best. Which done, intreated him to assay it, whether it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at his game, for it was his dayly exercise, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out such an vncomely bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediately loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it, till he had better girded by the Surplesse as it ought to be. The Connicatcher hauing as much as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shoppe, and ranne away as fast as hee could with the Priest's girdle, and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money flying for religion, made all the haste hee could in the Surplesse after the Connicatcher, crying, & calling,  
Helo



**T**Hese harmelesse lines that haue no ill intent,  
I hope shall passe in mirth as they were meant :  
What I intend, is but to make you sport,  
By telling truth to please the wiser sort :  
And what it is, that I haue aynd at now,  
The Wise may judge, for Fooles I care not, how.







## Pasquils Jests, and Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

The Connicatcher and Priest of  
Paris.



Letwo Knaue, a Cheater, espied a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arriued in the Citie of Paris out of the Countrey to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him, requested his ayde in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Priest?) It is sir (quoth he) this. The Parson of our towne hath giuen me money to buy a Surplesse, and I hauing small knowledg in it, would request your ayde in the choyce of a good one, making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connicatcher called for some choyce of Surplesses, and desired the Priest to chouse out one of the best. Which done, intreated him to assay it, whether it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at his game, for it was his dayly exercise, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out such an vncomely bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediately loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it, till he had better girded by the Surplesse as it ought to be. The Connicatcher hauing as much as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shoppe, and ranne away as fast as hee could with the Priest's girdle, and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money flying for religion, made all the haste hee could in the Surplesse after the Connicatcher, crying, & calling,  
Hold

## Pasquils Jests, and

Hold the Thafe, hold the Thafe. The Conuicatcher cried out, Hold the Priest, for he is mad, and will kill me; the Shop-keeper followed as fast as he could, and cried, Stop the Priest, for he hath stolne my Surplesse. The people halfe amazed at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but befoze he could declare his misfortune, the Conuicatcher was gone far enough, not to be caught againe in haste. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the Surplesse.

### The dumbe wife recovered her speech.

**A** Certaine Farmer had taken to wife a dumbe woman, and hearing of a great Magician lately comine into England, he tooke horse and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had lost her speech. The Magician answered, Yes, it is an easie matter, and told him he must take an Aspen leafe, and lay it vnder her tongue, and it would instantly help her. The Farmer was joyed with this tydings, and returned in all haste homewards, suspecting in himselfe the vertue of his new receit, and therefore to make the matter moze sure, hee tooke three Aspen leaues, and laid them all three vnder his wifes tongue, who immediatly began to talke and prate very nimbly, and in the end vpon a very small occasion to curse and rail down right vpon her husband as if thee had bene mad. The Farmer was now in a peck of troubles, and poasted in all haste to the Magician, certifying him of this unhappy accident. The Magician demanded if he absolutely followed his counsel. The Farmer answered, No, for (quoth he) in stead of one leafe, I haue vbled three, hoping to make the matter surer. Marry then God help the (quoth the Magician) for it is an easie matter to make a woman speake, but to make her hold her tongue is past my cunning. Nay, all the deuils in hell could neuer worke such a wonder. Whereat the Farmer much grieved, departed.

# Mother Bunches Merriments.

A knack for a Cooke.

**M**y selfe was once in Rozenberg in Germany, where an old man hauing his dyet in the house where I lay, and comming into the kitchen, the maid complained of a great mischance. I asked her what it was: Oh (quoth she) my Master and Mistresse wil beat me cruelly, for my furrmetz is all burnt to. The old man sitting by the fire, and hearing the maides complaint, asked her what she would giue him, and he would teach her a trick to alter the taste of being burnt to, and with no cost. I will giue you (quoth she) two pots of good liquour, Content (quoth the old man) send for it presently, the wench ran in all haile and fetcht it: the old man began to drinke a hearty draught, and gaue me also. Now (quoth hee) your furrmetz tasteth of being burnt to; to alter that, take vp your clothes and stee in the pot, and Ile warrant you it shall taste more of that then of burning to. The wench had a pestilent wit, and replied bathfully, I pray (quoth she) doe not tell any body, that you haue thus deceined me, for then I shall be laughed to scozne. Parry then (quoth the old man) you must giue me another pot of Wære for secrecie. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and tooke the pot and ranne into the Celler againe, and pist in it, bringing it to the old man: He (good old penny-father) was glad of his liquour, and beganne to drinke againe; but hauing tasted it, Shoo you whose (quoth he) this is no Wære, thou hast pist in the pee. True (quoth she) if you can digest thitten furrmetz, pist liquour can neuer hurt you. The Wench was well pleased, the old man was angry, and my selfe ready to burst with laughter.

## The drunken Dutchman.

**A** Dutchman liuing in Paris, hauing drunke more in one day then he had bled in twenty, was walking to his lodging late in the evening, from the Lanterne. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamber-pot) cries out at the window

## Pasquils Jests, and

Garde leu, that is, beware the bzine, (as the custome of the Cittie is) the man amazed to heare so shal a voice so late in the evening, stands still and puts off his Hat, and listened for the voice againe vnderneath the Chamber window, the emptying her pot iust vpon his head; hee not dreaming of any thing but the bzine, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with some what else which was in the pot, all besmeares his head, face, and beard. At last smelling himselfe to stink intolerably, The deuill take thee for a queane (quoth he) you bad me take heed of the Ale-pot, but here is moze then halfe the toste. Which moued much laughter in the mayd.

### The Tanner and the Butchers dogge.

**A** Country Tanner that was running hastily through Eastcheape, and hauing a long Pike-staffe on his shoulder, one of the Butchers dogges caught him by the breech. The fellow got loose, and ranne his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher seeing that his Dog was kill'd, tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him befoze the Deputy, who asked him, What reason hee had to kill the Dog: For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadst thou no other defence but present death? Sir (quoth the Tanner) London fashions are not like the Countries, for here the stones are fast in the streets, and the Dogs are loose, but in the Country, the Dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them: and what should a man doe in this extremity, but vse his staffe for his owne defence? Harry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will needs vse his staffe, hee might vse his blunt end, and not the sharpe pike. True saith the Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had vsed his blunt end, and run his taile at me, then had there bene good reason for me to doe the like: but I now saith the Deputy, the Dog ranne sharpe at me, and fastned his teeth in my breech, and I againe ranne sharpe at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knane, quoth the Deputy; if you will both stand

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

Stand to my verbid, send for a quart of wine, be friends, and so you are both discharged.

The Fooles horse must goe  
on foote.

**T**he Duke of Barons Foole rode once behinde a Gentleman in Progresse, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thrust him downe backwards, and began to curse, and said, You damn'd Rogue, all fartes must goe on foot by act of Parliament. The Foole said nothing, but got another horse, and rode alone: it happened that that Horse began to fart also. The Foole shipt quickly from his backe, and unbzield and unsaddled him, and set both saddle and bziele vpon his owne head, driving the horse befoze him with a stick, and beganne to curse the horse, saying, You damn'd Rogue, all fartes must goe on foot by act of Parliament. Which his neighbours seeing, heartily laughed.

A tale of a Scriuener of London and a  
Country man.

**I**t fell vpon a Saturday, being Market day, that a Country fellow of a nimble wit, and of the better sort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money vpon some necessary trinkets: and hauing dispatched his businesse, after hee had prettily refreshed his spirits with a pot of the strongest Ale that the Alehouse could afford him, made homeward very merrily; but by the way casting his eye by chance vpon a kinde of writers, that would haue bene a Scriueners shop, and seeing the master of the poore house, or the poore master of the house, sitting alone in a rug gowne, wrapping in his armes, to auoid the bitterness of the weather, minding to make himselfe a little sport, fell thus to salute the poore Pen-man: I pray you, master, what might you sell in your shop, that you haue so many ding-dongs hang at your doore? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation

15 2 maker)

## Pasquils Jests, and

maker) I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my say, master, quoth the Country man, you haue made a faire market with them, for you haue left none in your shop, but your selfe that I see: and so laughing, went his way, leauing much sport to them that heard him.

A witty answer of a Country fellow.

**A** Nother Country fellow, walking London streets, and ga-  
zing by and dolone at euery sight, he saw some mockt him,  
others pulled him by the cloake, in so much he could not passe in  
quiet. He hauing as much wit as the boyes knauery, thought  
he would requite them for their kinde salutations, with some-  
thing to laugh at, and so try their wits; and comming to Pauls  
gate, where they sell pinnes and needles, the boyes being very  
saucie, pulled him by the cloake, and one said, What lacks you  
friend? another, What lacks you Country man? Quoth the  
fellow, minding to make himselfe some sport, I want a hood for  
a Humble-Bee, or a payze of Spectacles for a blinde Weare:  
which so amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the  
Country man went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poore man  
and a Lawyer.

**A** Poore man hauing beene much injured by an unkinde  
neighbour, who by the power of his purse would haue put  
him by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not  
farre off, to whom hauing deliuered his grieffe, hee gave the  
Lawyer little for his counsell, but a great many thanks, and  
Country curtesies, with God saue your life, and so forth: entrea-  
ting him to let him know when he should come again, and wait  
upon him for his further aduice. The Lawyer answered him some-  
what thus, When you will, neighbour, when you will. The  
poore man, upon this (when you will) came oftentimes after-  
ward to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to speake with  
him. Whereupon the poore man telling his wife of his ill hap,  
was



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

was advised by her to take one of his best Lambs, and present it unto him, and then he should see what would follow: her counsell he allowed, tooke his Lamb, and went to the Lawyer: to whose gate he was no sooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of his Lamb, opened his Window, called him by, and in two words told him he understood his case, and all should be well, wherewith he departed: meeting with his wife going to the market, after they had bene at the Alehouse, and taken a pot or two of the strongest liquoz, the poore man got him vp into the market place: and there, hauing his throat well cleared, made this mad out-cry: All ye that haue any matters to try in Law, get ye euery one a fat Lamb, and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambs mouth will be better vnderstood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your owne, and he had rather haue one eleuen shillings peece, then all the Angels in heauen.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a singing Horse.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot, who came so nere, that the hazzle saluted him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to be reuenger, tooke vp a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit by chance his Master on the reins of the back. Within a while his Master looked back, and seeing his man come halting so farre behinde, chid him, saying, Thou lazie knaue, why comest thou no faster: Sir, quoth his man, your horse hath giuen me such a blow on the thigh, that I can goe no faster. Truly, said his Master, the horse is a great knicker, for likewise with his heele right now, hee gaue mee a great Broake on the reins of my backe: when indeed it was his man that threw the stone, and came laughing behinde his Master.

# Pasquils Jests, and

Of the Country man that caught  
a Cutpurse.

**T**H chanced on a Bartholmeis day, when men keepe Boethes  
In Smithfield, a Country Gentleman having some stoepe of  
money (and no lesse honesty) about him, comming to the faire,  
would amongst the rest needes view the pictures at that time  
hanging in the Cloysters, where was then much variety of pic-  
tures, personages, stozies, landships, and such like, which ca-  
rieth away the Senses to a kinde of admiration for the present:  
and as he was thus gazing vp and downe, there comes a nimble  
viner (as at that time there resorts many) and closes with him,  
and quickly draves his purse forth of his pocket, and away hee  
hyes him presently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew  
not how to helpe himselfe. Going home to his lodging, and  
pondering in his minde how either to regaine his losses, or to be-  
reueged on the Pick-pocket, at length he bethought himselfe of  
this device; he caused an honest Taylor to sew a certaine num-  
ber of fish-hookes within, and round about the mouth of his  
Pocket, with the points of the hookes hanging downeward, and  
the next day hyes him to the same place, in an other Country-  
like habit, and baites his Pocket with moze money, and there  
he stood gazing againe at the pictures, presently his former  
fish (or one of his fraternity) closes with him againe, and diues,  
which the Gentleman being watchfull of, gives a slip aside, and  
had presently strucke the nibbling fish into the hand, and feeling  
him fast, begins to goe away, and the more hee hasties away, the  
deeper the hookes went into the Diuers hand, Wh (quoth the  
Pick-pocket) How now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what  
makes your hand in my Pocket? Pull it out I say: Wh sir  
(quoth he) I beseech you be good to me; Then people gathering  
together, imagined the Gentleman had an enchanted Pocket,  
and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand againe,  
they would haue him before a Justice, So (quoth the Gentle-  
man) Ile carry him my selfe, so away hee went (with the fel-  
lows hand in his Pocket) to a Tauerne, with two or thre of  
his

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

his friends, and told him what he had lost there the day before, and unlesse he would restore, hee would haue him before a Justice; which match the fellow for feare of hanging, willingly condescended to surrender. And that ten pound and ten shillings moze towards the mending of his Pocket: so the Gentleman being well satisfied ript forth his Pocket, and away went the Cutpurse, who had so much picking worke to get out of his hands, he could not vse his trade for a month after.

How cunningly a Knave devised to get money  
by his wit, for himselfe and his  
two companions.

**T**hese loytring companions that fell in company together, dominated and swaggered so long, that all their money was quite consumed and gone. So being penniless, and having little or no credit left, one of them said, By my faith, wee are now in a faire taking. for wee may, if wee please, seeke our Dinners with Duke Humphrey. Nay,ounds (quoth the second) if I come where any presse of people be, I can get money enough for vs all. Shlow, and I (quoth the third) can easily assemble people. They were at that time not much above two miles from a small Towne in Barkshire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Billoze newly set vp, which the third of them seeing, steps to the Bayliffe, and desires him to haue the mayden-head of their new Billoze. The Bayliffe being a Butcher, was halfe amazed, and standing a while musing, at the last asked counsell of his honest neighbours, and they had him set vp the lanane and spare not. So he makes no moze ado, but vp he went, and when he was vp, he looked about, and saw his two fellow Cheaters busie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money. To it, to it (quoth he) apa ce. The people laughed heartily to see him stand there. At last, when he saw that his fellowes had sped their matters, and were going away, he said to the Bayliffe, Turne the Billoze about, and now I will

## Pasquils Jests, and

will come downe. So he laughing heartily, did. And when hee was come downe, the Bailiffe said, Now by my faith thou art a good fellow, and because thou hast made us some sport, I will giue thee a Teller to drinke : and so thinking to take some money out of the hole of his apzon, hee found there neuer a penny. Cockes armes, quoth the Bailiffe, my money is picked out of my apzon : and then the rest of the Butcher's besides swore they had lost theirs also. I hope, quoth the fellow, you doe not thinke that I haue it. So by my troth, quoth the Bailiffe, I know well enough thou hast it not : for thou wert on the Pillorie all the while. Why then no harme, for I did it to make you merrie, quoth the fellow, and so went his wayes.

### A Milke-maids answer to a scoffing Companion.

**A** scoffing companion walking into the fields, overtooke a handsome Milke-mayd going a milking being bare-legg'd, as in the Country some vse to go, thus saluted her, faire mayd, how long haue you woorne those stockings : Sir, quoth shee, these stockings and a payre of Breeches of the same, I haue woorne this thre and twenty yeares, and haue but one hole in them, which you may put your nose in. And so shee departed laughing.

### A merry answer to a merry question.

**A** merry Companion going through the streets of London, espied by chance a handsome Lasse going befoze him, and with one hand shee held by her cloathes behinde, to keepe them from the dirt, if being in the middle of Winter, which he noting, slept to her, and thus saluted, Sister, will you let a lease of your tayle, you haue it in your owne hand : I Sir, quoth she, if your nose will turne tenant. At which witty answer hee laughing departed.

How

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

How an Usurer lost ten pounds.

**A** *So*ld Usurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a pretty handsome wench to be his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds againe, which she denied, he bringing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had not borrowed ten pounds of this man? *No*, and shall please your Lordship, quoth she. Doe you denie that you had tenne pounds of him? *No* my good Lord (quoth she) I had ten pounds of him, but he gaue it me. For what (quoth the Judge?) For kissing and feeling (quoth she.) Kissing and feeling (quoth the Judge) what's that? *My* Lord, quoth she, he kist my (Arse) and felt my Elbow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Usurer lost his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

**I**n the famous City of London (in the reigne of William Rufus,) a Sergeant of the Peace kneeling before the then Lord Maior, to haue a certaine Will assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Winde-collick, which rumbled in his belly in so much, that he let a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noyse thereof: Another standing by, being much troubled with the same dissaie, and hearing what had past from the Sergeant, said, Why groane you, my friend? The Maior hearing the businesse, said with a smiling countenance, I neuer knew untill this day a Sergeant had authoritie to let goe a prisoner, and it is against the law: Good my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) he was a troublesome knave, and crept thorow the key hole, and necessity hath no law; which made much good laughter.

## Pasquils Jests, and

A knauish answer of an vnhappy Country wench,  
to a foolish young fellow.

**A** Certaine idle headed young man, that loued to heare him-  
selfe prate, though it were of matter to little purpose, vpon  
a faire day riding to a Market towne, ouertooke by chance,  
among other creatures of her owne kinde, an indifferent wel-  
faouored, and well growne Country wench, whom singling by  
her selfe as much as he could, hee fell to discoursing with, in an  
odde manner of loue-making; when beginning very loze, mark-  
ing her new shod feet hanging ouer her dosiers, began with this  
commendation: *Truly Sister, you haue a very fine foot there.*  
*Pea sir (quoth the wench) that I haue a couple.* The young  
man thinking to shew some little wit, in a scoffe replied with  
this speech: *But are they Twins, Sister? Were they both*  
*bozne at one time? No indeed sir (quoth the woman) there hath*  
*beeene a man bozne betwixt them.* Therewith her neighbours  
that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him finde, that  
she was a married wife: and hee galloped away with a flea in  
his eare.

A flowing answer to a scoffing  
question.

**A** Poore man, vpon a time comming into a Market with a  
very leane horse, setting him nere vnto a company of fat  
and faire Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing compani-  
on, how he sold his horse by the ell: which the poore man taking  
something discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell with  
him, made him an answer fit for his question: when holding vp  
his horses taile, *I pray you sir (quoth he) come put your nose in-  
to the shop, and you shall smell the price.*



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

Of a Welchman, how he was served by  
the Owle.

**I**n ancient times, I heard of a certaine Welchman that so-  
journing all the day long with neuer a ragge of siluer, but re-  
leued with the charity of well disposed people, which in those  
parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milke and  
Whay, and comming to his iournies end for that night, was  
lodged in a Barne for want of a Bed: the Butter-milke and  
Whay began to worke and rumble in his belly, so that he could  
not sleepe nor take any rest; but prayed to his Welch Saint for  
his ayde and helpe. In the morning looking upward he espied  
by chance an Owle sitting on a beame in his lodging chamber  
(namely the Barne) he presently thought it had bene an angell  
sent by Saint Davie to releue his wants, cryed with open  
mouth to his angell, saying, One drop of thy mercy good lord,  
but one drop I beseech thee: Presently the Owle shrit, which he  
caught in his mouth, who cryed againe, Enough good lord, e-  
nough, it is somewhat bitter: I call'd but for one drop, but thou  
hast giuen me two spoonfulls. And so departed his lodging for  
that night,

An old Gentlewomans answer to a flowing  
Gentleman,

**A** wild headed young Gallant, walking the streets of Lon-  
don, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old  
decayed gowne, that by age was woone thred-bare; the Gallant  
thinking to breake a Jest with her, tooke by the hem of her gar-  
ment and kist it; which she looking backe espying, said, I pray  
sir what meane you by that? Oh (quoth hee) to honour olde  
age: Alas sir (replied she) you might then haue kist my Arse,  
it is elder then my gowne by forty yeares. And so she departed  
laughing.

## Pasquils Jests, and

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes to  
Paradise.

**A** poore man trauellling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris, a City in France, being invited by hunger to a good simple Country Swaines doore, to aske his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence hee came: quoth the fellow, from Paris. From Paradise (quoth she) then thou knowest my old Iohn there (meaning her former husband,) I, quoth the fellow, that I doe. I pray thee, (quoth she) how doth he doe: Faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas, quoth she, I am sorry for it, I pray thee stay a little; and running up into her Chamber, fetcht downe her husbands new sute of cloathes, and five shillings in money, and gaue it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poore Iohn, and giue him this suit of cloathes, and five shillings from me, and waapt them vp in a fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing vp and downe the house, which shee seldome vsed to doe, and hee asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she, I haue heard from my old Iohn to day, he is in Paradise, and is very well; but wants cloathes and money, but I faith I haue sent him thy best suit, and five shillings in money. Her husband seeing she was rozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Ponder way, quoth she, he presently took his best horse Hob, and rode after him for the cloathes. The fellow seeing one ride so fast after him, threw the cloathes into a ditch, and went softly forwarde: her husband overtaking the fellow, said, Didst not see one goe this way with a little fardell of cloathes at his back. Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little wood. Oh hold my horse, quoth hee, whilst I runne in and finde him out. I will, quoth the fellow, who presently as soone as he was gone into the wood, took vp his fardell, leapt on horse backe, and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone; then going home to his

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

his wife, she asked him if he overtook the fellow. A sweet heart, quoth he, and I have lent him my best horse Hob to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. A faith husband, quoth she, and I shall love thee the better so long as I live, for making so much of my old John. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolneshire,  
and his man.

**A** Certaine Gentleman in Lincolneshire, being al'so a Justice of Peace, had an old servant many yeares, called Adam Milford, who upon a time came unto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had bene his servant so many yeares, hee would now give him something to helpe him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Master, and I will tell thee what I will doe: Now shortly I am to ride by to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way, I will give thee ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to thee an hundred pounds. I am content, quoth Adam, and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, hee put his Master in minde of his former promise that he had made to him. What did I promise thee any thing? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did: for you said, you would give me that which should be worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writing, quoth his Master, I have none, quoth Adam. When thou art like to have nothing, quoth his Master: And learne this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, look thou take a writing, and beware how thou makest a writing to any man. This hath availed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his Master, to reckon with his Hostie; and on his Masters Scarlet cloake borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way. His Master had not ridden past five miles, but it beganne to raine a pace: wherefore he called for his cloake. His other men made answer, that

## Pasquils Jests, and

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes to  
Paradise.

A Poore man travelling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris, a City in France, being invited by hunger to a good simple Country Swaines doore, to aske his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence hee came: quoth the fellow, from Paris. From Paradise (quoth shee) then thou knowest my old Iohn there (meaning her former husband,) I, quoth the fellow, that I doe. I pray thee, (quoth shee) how doth he doe: faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas, quoth she, I am sorry for it, I pray thee stay a little; and running up into her Chamber, fetched downe her husbands new sute of cloathes, and five shillings in money, and gaue it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poore Iohn, and giue him this suit of cloathes, and five shillings from me, and wrapt them vp in a fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing vp and downe the house, which shee selde so vsed to doe, and hee asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she, I haue heard from my old Iohn to day, he is in Paradise, and is very well; but wants cloathes and money, but I faith I haue sent him thy best suit, and five shillings in money. Her husband seeing she was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Ponder way, quoth she, he presently tooke his best horse Hob, and rode after him for the cloathes. The fellow seeing one ride so fast after him, threw the cloathes into a ditch, and went softly forwarde: her husband overtaking the fellow, said, Wilt not thou goe this way with a little fardle of cloathes at his back. Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little wood. Oh hold my horse, quoth hee, whilst I runne in and finde him out. I will, quoth the fellow, who presently as soone as he was gone into the wood, tooke by his fardell, leapt on horse backe, and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone; then going home to his

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

his wife, she asked him if he overtook the fellow. I sweet heart, quoth he, and I haue lent him my best horse Hob to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. I saith husband, quoth shee, and I shall loue thee the better so long as I liue, for making so much of my old Iohn. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolneshire,  
and his man.

**A** Certaine Gentleman in Lincolneshire, being also a Justice of Peace, had an old seruant many yeares, called Adam Milford, who vpon a time came vnto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had bene his seruant so many yeares, hee would now giue him something to helpe him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Master, and I will tell thee what I will doe: Now shortly I am to ride vp to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way, I will giue thee ere long such a thing, as shall be woorth to thee an hundred pounds. I am content, quoth Adam, and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, hee put his Master in minde of his former promise that he had made to him. What did I promise thee any thing? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did: for you said, you would giue me that which should be woorth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writing, quoth his Master, I haue none, quoth Adam. When thou art like to haue nothing, quoth his Master: And learne this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, look thou take a writing, and beware how thou makest a writing to any man. This hath auailed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his Master, to reckon with his Hostie; and on his Masters Scarlet cloake borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way. His Master had not ridden past fife miles, but it beganne to raine a pace: wherefore he called for his cloake. His other men made answer, that

## Pasquils Jests, and

Adam was behinde, and had it with him. So they throwed them under a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his Pastier said all angerly, Thou knaue, come giue me my cloake: hast thou not serued mee well, to let mee be thus wet? Truly sir, (quoth Adam) I haue laid it to payne for all your charges by the way. Why knaue, quoth he, didst thou not promise mee to beare my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I, quoth his Pastier, that thou didst. Let's see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Pastier perceiuing hee was ouer-reacht by his man, was faine to send for his cloake againe, and pay the money.

How mad *Coomes*, when his wife was drowned, sought  
her against the streame.

**C**oomes of Stapforth, hearing that his wife was drowned comming from market, went with certaine of his friends to see if they could finde her in the Riner: hee contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the streame: which they perceiuing, said, Wee looke the wrong way. And why so (quoth he :) Because (quoth they) you should looke downe the streame, and not against it. Nay, Zounds (quoth he) I shall neuer find her that way: for shee did all things so contrary in her life time, that now shee is dead, I am sure shee will goe against the streame.

Of the Farmer in Norfolke, and his  
Physitian.

**A** Certaine rich Farmer hauing laine long sick in Norfolke, at last sent for a Physitian from the next market towne: who when he came, he felt his pulles, and vieted his water, and then told them, That he could by no means, nor Physick escape, the disease had so much power in his body, and so went his way. Within a while after by Gods good help, (who is the only giuer of all health) the man escaped, and was well againe, and walking abroad, being still very weake and feeble, hee met with his Physitian, who being very soze afraid to see him, asked him, if  
he



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

he were not such a Farmer : Yes truly (quoth he) I am : Art thou alive or dead (quoth he : ) Dead (quoth he) I am : and because I have experience of many things, God hath sent mee to take up all Physicians I can get : which made the Physician quiver, and quake, and locke as pale as ashes, for feare. Say, feare not, quoth the Farmer, though I named all Physicians, yet I meant thee for none : for I am sure a verier duncie liues not this day, than thou art : and then I should be a foole to take thee for one, that art moze fit to giue dogges physick then men : and so he left him : but the Physician neuer left quaking, till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry *Andrew* of Manchester served a man that would have put him downe in his merry sayings.

**A**Ndrew once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that flouted at his jests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselves, which was the most reuerent part of mans body. One said, the eye : another, the nose : a third said, the legge : but Andrew knowing that he that spited him, would name the contrary, said, The mouth was most reuerent of all. Say (quoth the other) the part that we sit on is the most reuerent : and because they all marvelled why he should say so : he made this reason : That he was most honourable, that was first set, and the part that he named was first set. Which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met againe, and Andrew comming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backe side to him, and let a great fart in his face. At which the fellows being mightily angry, said, ~~Walke~~ Walke knaue with a mischief, where hast thou bene brought vs : Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew ? ) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldest haue saluted me againe : and now when I salute thee with my Arse, that by thy owne saying is most honourable, thou callest mee knaue. Then the company fell a laughing at this Jest heartily.

The

## Pasquils Jests, and

The Answer of Mother Bunch to a  
Promooter.

**M**other Bunch keeping an Alehouse in Coznehill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happinesse, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour seeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it strictly forbidden, and of all the rest tooke most notice of two legges of Porke which shee bought. And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promooter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Oh, quoth her neighbour, you have two legs of Porke in your house, which we must have. Indeed, quoth Mother Bunch, I have two legs of Porke, but I am loath to lose them, they cost me deare, which made the Promoter more earnest then before, and hee would have them before he went. Then, quoth she, come downe into the Celloz, and I will shew you them: who comming downe, shee tooke up her cloathes behind, and laid her hand on her sayle, saying to the Promooter, These be the two legs of Porke, come smell if they will keepe while Easter. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to helpe himselfe, and in great rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

**A** Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant, that he should not say any thing, but what hee should aske of him. Within a while after, hee invited diners of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come and dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thanks your Master, and tell him that I have very great businesse to dispatch to day. So home hee comes, and sayes nothing. When the Guests were all come, they staid from going to dinner for the other Doctor. When they had staid till two of the clocke, hee asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner: Yes, quoth his man, that I did. And

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

And why doth he not come? Harry hee said, that hee had other businesse, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell mee this befoze (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth hee) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Guesse.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot  
of London.

**T**he Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Stæple, and put out their bells to be newcast. The Abbot comming nere the Townes end, and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Townesmen. Haue you no bells in your Stæple? No my Lord, quoth he: Then said the Abbot, Sell away your Stæple. Why so an't please your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Harry said the man, we may as well also sell away another thirg in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Harry our Pulpit (quoth hee) for this seuen yæres we haue not had a Sermon in it, nor I thinke euer shall, but bels I am sure we shall haue shortly.

Of a mad conceited *Bulkin*.

**B**ulkin well knowne in diuers places for his mad conceits, and his couzenage, vpon a time came into Kent, to Sittingbourne: and in diuers Villages there about set vp bills, that all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sittingbourne, on such a day, they should finde a man there, that would giue a remedy for all kinde of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen vnto any of them in five or six yæres after: and hee would desire but two pence a pæce of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and hee had provided a Stage, and set it vp, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and euery one set in order, hee comes to the gate, and takes the mo-  
D ney

# Pasquils Jests, and

## The Answer of Mother Bunch to a Promooter.

**M**other Bunch keeping an Alehouse in Coznehill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happinesse, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour seeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it stricktly forbidden, and of all the rest tooke most notice of two legges of Porke which shee bought. And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promooter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Oh, quoth her neighbour, you have two leggs of Porke in your house, which we must have. Indeed, quoth Mother Bunch, I have two leggs of Porke, but I am loath to lose them, they cost me deare, which made the Promooter more earnest then before, and hee would have them before he went. Then, quoth she, come downe into the Celloz, and I will shew you them: who comming downe, she tooke up her cloathes behind, and laid her hand on her taylor, saying to the Promooter, These be the two leggs of Porke, come smell if they will keepe while Easter. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to helpe himselfe, and in great rage departed.

## Of a Doctor and his man.

**A** Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant, that he should not say any thing, but what hee should aske of him. Within a while after, hee invited divers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come and dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thanke your Master, and tell him that I have very great businesse to dispatch to day. So home hee comes, and sayes nothing. When the Guests were all come, they staid from going to dinner for the other Doctor. When they had staid till two of the clocke, hee asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner: Yes, quoth his man, that I did. And

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

And why doth he not come? Harry hee said, that hee had other businesse, and he could not come. Why dost thou not tell mee this befoze (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth hee) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Gueste.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot  
of London.

**T**He Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Steple, and put out their bells to be newcast. The Abbot comming nere the Townes end, and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Townesmen. Haue you no bells in your Steple? No my Lord, quoth he: Then said the Abbot, Sell away your Steple. Why so an't please your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Harry said the man, we may as well also sell away another thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Harry our Pulpit (quoth hee) for this seuen yeres we haue not had a Sermon in it, nor I thinke euer shall, but bels I am sure we shall haue shortly.

Of a mad conceited *Bulkin*.

**B**ulkin well knowne in diuers places for his mad conceits, and his couzenage, vpon a time came into Kent, to Sittingborne: and in diuers Villages there about set vp bills, that all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sittingborne, on such a day, they should finde a man there, that would giue a remedy for all kinde of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen vnto any of them in five or six yeres after: and hee would desire but two pence a peece of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and hee had provided a Stage, and set it vp, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and euery one set in order, hee comes to the gate, and takes the mo-  
D ney

## Pasquils Jests, and

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them take that good rule be kept, and so they did: also hee bid them by and by sound the drumme, and then he would begin his Orations. Hee, when they were gone, with all haste gets him to the backe-side, and there hauing his Gelding, gets vpon his backe, and away towards Rochester rides he, as fast as euer he could gallop. Now they thinking hee had bene preparing of things in a readinesse, sounded the drumme. The Audiance looked still when he would come: and staying one two or thre houres, nay more, thought sure they were cozened. Whereupon one of the company seeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, tooke it, wherein was written:

Now you have heard the sound of the drumme,  
You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to cursing and swearing, the women to scolding, scratching, and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

### Of a Country Priest.

**I**n the old time, when Holy water was in great request, it so chanced, Sir Iohn our Parish Clarke meeting in the Church porch of the Sunday morning before Masse, he, with some other Ale-tasters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the best liquoz the Alehouse affozded, the Parson began to tell them a strange story, and after he had spit and spauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Sope boylers Apron: As I was walking (quoth he) in my Orchard, looking vpon my tythe Digs in this great winde, (marke good neighbours what happened) with my Hat in my hand, the winde blew downe an Apple, which hit me on the crowne of my head, and astonished me for thre houres after, but by cockes-boddy neighbours, had it bene one of my wines great Pumpions, it had beat out my braines. At which the rest of his neighbours heartily laughed.



# Mother Bunches Merriments.

Of a rich Widow of Abington.

**T**His Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that shee would helpe her to a husband, not for any carnall desire she had, but cruelly to keepe her goods, and see to her lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to doe my selfe. The woman, for all her talke, yet knew she spake against her minde: and therefore thre or foure dayes after she came to her, and said, Gossip, I haue found an husband for you, that is very wise, and woefully giuen: but hee lackes the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Harry (quoth the Widow) let the deuill take that husband, if hee will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet I would not haue him lacke that thing, which if wee chance to fall out, should make vs friends againe.

How finely one fold two loades  
of Hay.

**I**n London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit liued with Gallants and domineered with good fellows. Not very long agoe, in Hay-Haruest, he gets a Pitchfork on his necke, went forth towards Mlington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, coming towards the Citie to be sold: for the which hee bargained with them that owed the same, for thirty shillings. But w hither shall wee bring them, quoth they? To the Swanne by Smithfield, said hee. And so went his way, and left them: then to the Swan hee went, to the good man of the house, and asked if hee would buy two loades of Hay? Yes, quoth the Inne-keeper, where be they? Here they come, quoth he. What shall I pay, quoth the In-keeper? Foure shobles a load, quoth the Spake-Gift. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come hee had them unload the Hay. So while they were unloading of it, hee came to the Inne-holder, and said, I pray you let mee haue my money: for while my men unload, I will buy some stufte to haue

## Pasquils Jests, and

home with me. The Inne-holder was content, and gaue him money, and so hee went away. When the men had vnloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I haue paid your Paster, (quoth the Inne-holder.) What Paster, quoth they? Harry quoth hee, he that bad you bring the Hay hither. We know him not quoth they. Doz I neither quoth he, but with him I bargained, and him haue I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore goe seeke him if you will. And so the poore men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would haue kissed a  
Maid with a long nose.

**A** Young scoffing Gentleman wou'd haue kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said. How shall I kisse you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet? The Maid hearing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kisse my mouth for my nose, you may kisse me behinde, whereas I haue neuer a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

**O**n a time a poore labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no? Yes no doubt (quoth her Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction; therefore confesse. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed vnto him, that shee had three children, but the youngest is none of her husbands. Oh, quoth hee, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolve you untill you haue told the same vnto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her minde how shee should accomplish this penance, which long shee was not about, befoze she had found a meanes: To be short, her husband comes home weary from worke, after supper makes haste to bed, where he, his wife, and the youngest childe lay all together. So sooner was

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

was the man faine into a slumber, but his wife pulleth a Cisse pinne from her head-gear, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the childe crying, troubled the man from sleepe, which made him say, What a plague is this to a man that hath bene all day at hard labour, and cannot take his rest in quiet in his bed, for this bawling brat. When she would againe prick it, but she said shee could not helpe it: till at length shee counselled her husband to rise and fright the child, who presently rose out of his naked bed, and cryed, Boe Bulbegger. Away Bulbegger (quoth his wife) it is none of thy childe, and then the next day she was abused by her ghosly father.

### Of a Mountibanke and a Ploughman.

**A** Brace of Swaines being one day at Plough together: The one was a well orderly fellow, the other a yong Strippling (such an one as our common Proverb called a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driving the cattle, but still as he was driving, he was much troubled with an itching or swelling about his groin, which his fellow perceining, would needs know what was the matter; with much ado, at last hee shewed him, Aye mee, quoth hee, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou hast not speedie helpe, thou canst not live: What shall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder answered, Runne presently to the towne, and enquire for Master Doctor, and hee will give you remedy. So away runnes the fellow to the Church-saluer, and raps at his dooze, out comes his man, and enquired his businesse, I wou'd speake with Master Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man answered he was not now with'in. Aye mee, said the fellow, I am then a dead man: At which the Doctors man would faine know the reason, but hee would not tell him: Well quoth the man. He se if he be with'in. So going vp staires to his Master (who was then at dinner) he told him what the fellow said, who starting vp presently, came to the fellow, and would needs know his grieve: who presently shewed all, and said, Without your helpe there is no life for me. This is dangerous indeed (quoth the Doctor) but we will haue speedie

## Pasquils Jests, and

home with me. The Inne-holder was content, and gaue him money, and so hee went away. When the men had vnloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I haue paid your Passer, (quoth the Inne-holder.) What Passer, quoth they? Parry quoth hee, he that bad you bring the Hay hither. Will e know him not quoth they. No? I neither quoth he, but with him I bargained, and him haue I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore goe seeke him if you will. And so the poore men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would haue kissed a  
Maid with a long nose.

**A** Young scoffing Gentleman wou'd haue kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said. How shall I kisse you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet? The Maid swearing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kisse my mouth so; my nose, you may kisse me behinde, whereas I haue neuer a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

**O**n a time a poore labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no? Yes no doubt (quoth her Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confesse. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed vnto him, that shee had thre children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth hee, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolue you untill you haue told the same vnto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her minde how shee should accomplish this penance, which long shee was not about, before she had found a meanes: To be short, her husband comes home weary from worke, after supper makes haste to bed, where he, his wife, and the youngest childe lay all together. No sooner was

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

was the man faine into a slumber, but his wife pulleth a Giffe pinne from her head-gear, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the childe crying, troubled the man from sleape, which made him say, What a plague is this to a man that hath bene all day at hard labour, and cannot take his rest in quiet in his bed, for this bawling brat. Then she would againe prick it, but she said she could not helpe it: till at length shee counselled her husband to rise and fright the child, who presently rose out of his naked bed, and cryed, Woe Wulbegger. Away Wulbegger (quoth his wife) it is none of thy childe, and then the next day she was abused by her ghosly father.

Of a Mountibanke and a Ploughman.

**A** Brace of Swaines being one day at Plough together: The one was a well orderly fellow, the other a yong stripping (such an one as our common Pource called a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driving the cattle, but still as he was driving, he was much troubled with an itching or swelling about his groin, which his fellow perceiving, would needs know what was the matter; with much ado, at last hee shewed him, Aye mee, quoth hee, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou hast not speedie helpe, thou canst not live: What shall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder answered, Runne presently to the towne, and enquire for Master Doctor, and hee will give you remedy. So away runnes the fellow to the Church-saluer, and raps at his dooze, out comes his man, and enquired his businesse, I wou'd speake with Master Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man answered he was not now within. Aye mee, said the fellow, I am then a dead man: At which the Doctors man would faine know the reason, but hee would not tell him: Well quoth the man, He se if he be within. So going vp staires to his Master (who was then at dinner) he told him what the fellow said, who starting vp presently, came to the fellow, and would needs know his grieve: who presently shewed all, and said, Without your helpe there is no life for me. This is dangerous indeed (quoth the Doctor) but we will haue speedy remedy,

## Pasquils Jests, and

remedy, and calling to his man, bad him fetch a bucket of colde water, and bathe the swelled member therein, who did so, and presently the fellow was recovered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him? Nothing of the (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a servant, and if thou art troubled at any time with this disease, I will helpe thee for nothing. So the fellow taking his leaue with many thanks, he departed. Now the Mountebank made hast to his dinner againe, and smiling to himselfe as he sat at his table, his wife would needs know the reason of his smiling: Nothing, said he, wife? Pray you (quoth she) let me know, at which he answered, It was not fit for her to know it: then she was more impoꝛtunate then before, that at length she must needs know it: at which tale of his she smiled, but it would not out of her minde. Well, the next day the fellow was troubled with the same disease, and to the Doctor he must needs come againe: It chanced so, that the Doctor was walked into the Towne, and she had sent her man on an errand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doore: then she steps forth to the doore enquiring his businesse. Harry (quoth he) I must speake with Master Doctor: she answered, he was not within: then cryed hee out and said, Hee was but a dead man, Oh (quoth she) you were here yesterday, I pray you come in, I can helpe you with more ease then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you vse your skil. So hauing him into an inward room, she made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his worke againe, and running thorow the Towne, the Doctor was sitting in his Apothecaries shop with certaine Gentlemen, laughing at what had hapned the day before; and as he was thus speaking, the fellow came by. (Quoth the Doctor) yonder is the fellow. He lay any wager he hath bene now at my house: and calling him to him, asked if he had bene troubled with his former disease. I (quoth the fellow.) But you are but a dunce, and you shall helpe me no more, your wife doth cure it farre better, and with more pleasure, and shee bids mee come euery houre (if you are forth) she will helpe me presently. At which the Doctor hung downe his head, and was inwardly vexed: the Gentlemen heartily laughing.

The



# Mother Bunches Merriments.

The Lawyer and the  
Devill.

**T**WO Country men being at law, and great suits had bene betwixt them, and much mony spent in hope to haue an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tels him his Aduersarie had remoued his suit into another Court: at which the other replied, Let him remoue it to the deuill if he will, I am sure I shall haue a Lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady  
forgivenesse.

**A** Certaine conceited Gentleman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a cholerick humour called her Whore, which Lady taking it in great disoaine, to haue her Ladiships name thus scandalized, would by all meanes possible haue him to the Spirituall Court, and either p<sup>ro</sup>ue her so as he had repo<sup>re</sup>ted, or else to abide the extremity of the Law. But certaine friends on both sides, so wrought with the Lady, and telling her, he was but a fantas<sup>ticke</sup>, and a kinde of a mad man, and that it would be moze for her Ladiships honour to forgive and forget, seeing all the world knew her chastity without the least spot or blemish: she at last condescended vpon this condition that before certaine of her friends, and his, he should aske her forgiveness in the same place he had so wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and so comming amongst them all, hee kn<sup>ee</sup>led before her Ladiship, and spake these words following: Madame, I called you Whore, ('tis true,) I am come to aske you forgiveness (I am sorie for it,) you are no Whore, (I lie) Well sir (quoth the Lady, I freely forgive you with all my heart: but take heed how you abuse a chaste Ladies reputation hereafter.

How

## Pasquils Jests, and

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed  
he found gold.

**M**Vllins being drunk, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the deuill led him into a field to dig for Gold : and when hee had found the Gold, the Deuill said, Thou canst not carry it away now, but marke the place, that thou maist fetch it another time. What marke (quoth Mullins ?) With Pilgrime salve (quoth the deuill) for that shall cause every man to thinne the place, and for that it shall be a speciall marke. Where he did so. And when he awaked, he perceived he had sently betrayed his bed. Thus betwene stink and dirt, by he rose, and made him ready to goe forth. And last of all, hee put on his Hat, wherein also the Cat had shit : so, for great stinke, hee threw away his Hat, and was faine to wash his head. Thus all his golden dreame was turned to a —

Of a young woman at Barnet that sorrowed for her  
husbands death.

**I**N Barnet was a young woman, that when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of measure, for feare that shee should lose him. Her father came to her, desiring her to be contented : for he had provided her another husband, a farre more handsome man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at dinner, betwene sobbing and weeping, shee rounded her father in the eare, and said : father, where is the young man that you told mee should be my husband ? for very shortly I purpose to be married. At which her father suddenly fell a laughing.

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

A poore Beggers answer to a rich  
Citizen.

**A** poore begger, that was foule, blacke, and loathsome to be-  
hold, came to a rich Citizen, & asked his almes. To whom  
the Citizen said, I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest  
as though thou camest out of hell. The poore man perceiuing  
he could get nothing, answered, Forsooth sir, you say troth, I  
came out of hell indeed. Why diddest thou not tarrie there still,  
quoth the Citizen? Harry sir (quoth the begger) there is no  
room for such poore beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gen-  
tlemen as you are.

A tale of the Country-womans  
answer.

**A** Country-woman passing along the high way towards the  
Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to  
unburthen her selfe of fatures due, and it happened to be on  
the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Country fel-  
lowes, strangers unto her, came by the same way: one of them  
willing to make himselfe merry with this accident, he thus sa-  
lutes the poore woman, Good wife (quoth hee) in our Country  
when the Hennes lay an egge, they vse to hatchle. Tis true in-  
deed (quoth the woman) and so would I haue done too, my friend,  
but that I feard such a knave as thou art, would haue stolen my  
egge. Yet to saue your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone.  
The Country-woman went laughing away, hee hauing not a  
word to reply.

The subtilty of *Kindlecole* the Lawyer repayed  
with the like craft.

**T**here was an vnthrift in London, that had receiued of a  
Merchant certaine wares, which came to fifty pounds, to  
pay at thre moneths, and at thre moneths: but when he had it,  
he

## Pasquils Jests, and

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed  
he found gold.

**M**Vllins being drunk, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the deuill led him into a field to dig for Gold : and when hee had found the Gold, the Deuill said, Thou canst not carry it away now, but marke the place, that thou maist fetch it another time. What marke (quoth Mullins ?) With Pilgrime salue (quoth the deuill) for that shall cause every man to thinne the place, and for that it shall be a speciall marke. Where he did so. And when he awaked, he perceived he had sently betrayed his bed. Thus betwene stinke and dirt, vp he rose, and made him ready to goe forth. And last of all, hee put on his Hat, wherein also the Cat had shit : so, for great stinke, hee threwe away his Hat, and was faine to wash his head. Thus all his golden dreame was turned to a ———

Of a young woman at Barnet that sorrowed for her  
husbands death.

**I**n Barnet was a young woman, that when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of measure, for feare that shee should lose him. Her father came to her, desiring her to be contented : for he had prouided her another husband, a farre more handsome man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at dinner, betwene sobbing and weeping, shee rounded her father in the eare, and said : Father, where is the young man that you told mee should be my husband : for very shortly I purpose to be married. At which her father suddenly fell a laughing.

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

A poore Beggers answer to a rich  
Citizen.

**A** Poore begger, that was foule, blacke, and loathsome to be-  
hold, came to a rich Citizen, & asked his almes: To whom  
the Citizen said, I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest  
asthough thou camest out of hell. The poore man perceiuing  
he could get nothing, answered, Forsooth sir, you say troth, I  
came out of hell indeed. Why diddest thou not tarry there still,  
quoth the Citizen? Harry sir (quoth the begger) there is no  
roome for such poore beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gen-  
tlemen as you are.

A tale of the Country-womans  
answer.

**A** Country-woman passing along the high way towards the  
Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to  
unburthen her selfe of Patures due, and it happened to be on  
the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Country fel-  
lowes, strangers unto her, came by the same way: one of them  
willing to make himselfe merry with this accident, he thus sa-  
lutes the poore woman, Good wife (quoth hee) in our Country  
when the Hennes lay an egge, they vse to kackle. Tis true in-  
deed (quoth the woman) and so would I haue done too, my friend,  
but that I feard such a knaue as thou art, would haue stolen my  
egge. Yet to saue your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone.  
The Country-woman went laughing away, hee hauing not a  
word to reply.

The subtilty of *Kindlecole* the Lawyer repayed  
with the like craft.

**T**here was an vnthrift in London, that had receiued of a  
Merchant certaine wares, which came to fifty pounds, to  
pay at thre moneths, and at thre moneths: but when he had it,  
he

## Pasquils Jests, and

he consumed and spent it all: so that at the five moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedy, but either to pay the debt, or goe to prison, he sent to a subtil Lawyer, and asked his counsell how hee might cleare himselfe of that debt. What wilt thou giue me (quoth he) if I doe: Five markes (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soone as you haue done, you shall haue it. Well, said the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and doe thus: When thou comest before the Iudge, whatsoeuer hee saith vnto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Wea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Iudge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this Merchant so much money? Wea (quoth he.) What beest (quoth hee?) answer to that I aske thee. Wea (quoth he againe.) Why how now, quoth the Iudge? I thinke this fellow hath gotten a shæpes tongue in his head: for hee answereth in the shæpes language. Why sir, quoth the Lawyer, doe you thinke this Merchant that is so wise a man, would be so foolish, as to trust this Ideot with fifty pounds worth of ware, that can speake neuer a word: No sir I warrant you. And so perswaded the Iudge to cast the Merchant in his owne suit. And so the Iudge departed, and the Court brake vp. Then the Lawyer came to his Client, and asked him his money, since his promise was performed, and his debt discharged. Wea (quoth he.) Why, thou needst not cry Wea any longer, but pay me my money. Wea (quoth hee againe.) Why, thou wilt not serue me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I haue blessed thee so kindly. But nothing but Wea could Master Lawyer get for his paines, and so was faine to depart with a Wea in his eare.



## Mother Bunches Merriments.]

Of the woman that desired her husband might goe  
to the devill.

**O**f a Winters euening a Country husbandman went to  
fetch his wiues kine home to milke, and dzing them into  
the backside; he forgot to shut the gate, and hee comes into the  
house, sits him downe by the fire side: the kine finding the gate  
open, came trotting and lowing downe the dirty lane, toward  
the field, and the mans daughter looking forth at the dooze, and  
seeing them, cries out to her mother, Faith my father is a fine  
man, I thinke the kine are gone to the deuill, shall I goe after  
them? No (quoth her mother) daughter you are too forward:  
Let your father goe, he's sifter, he has his hie-shoone on.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolke and  
his Host.

**A** Gentleman of Norfolk, as he was riding towards Lon-  
don in the Winter time; and sitting by the fire side with  
his Host, untill supper could be made ready, there happened  
a Rabbit to be at the fire a roasting, which the Gentleman per-  
ceiued to be very leane, as hee thought. Quoth hee vnto his  
Host, We haue Rabbits in our Countrey, that one will dzy a  
pottle, and baste it selfe. The In-keeper wondzed with him-  
selfe, and did thinke it to be a lye, but would not say so, for man-  
ners sake, and because he was his guest: but thinking to requite  
him, Now truly, quoth hee, it is very strange: but I can tell  
you of as strange a thing as that. Which the Gentleman very  
desirous to heare: Quoth he, I had as fine a Grayhound as any  
was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my  
grounds, the Grayhound would alway goe with me. And some-  
time there would start out a Hare befoze me, which my Gray-  
hound would quickly catch. It fortun'd that my dogge dyed,  
and soz very loue that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his  
skin, to carry dzyne withall. So, one time in hay harvest, my  
folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

## Pasquils Jests, and

bat, I filled my bottle with Ware, to carrie to them, lest they should lacke drinke. And as I was going along, there starts a Ware out of a bush befoze mee: and as it was my custome, I cryed, Now, now, now. My bottle leaping from my girdle, ran and catcht the Ware. What (quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that should be a lge. Truly sir, said the In-keeper, so did I thinke yours was. The Gentleman perceiuing that he was requited for his kindnesse, held himselfe contented.

### A tale of a Gentleman and his man.

**A** Gentleman upon a time hauing a man that could write and reade well, rebuked him one day for idlenesse, saying, If I had nothing to doe, like thee, I would to recreate my wit, set downe all the soles I knew. The fellow making little answer, tooke his pen and inke, and as his Master had wished him self to setting downe a Catalogue of all the soles that hee was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all hee set downe his Master, who reading his name, would needs knowe the nature of his folly. Harry, quoth he, In lending your Cozins twenty pound this other day: for I thinke hee will neuer pay you. Yea, but (quoth his Master) what if he doe pay me? then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put downe his for a foole.

### The King of France his reward to a Miser.

**T**he King of France, Charles the first, being presented by a poore Cardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatnesse, gaue him for his reward five hundred crownes, giuing him charge to lay it by, and keepe it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court, and this day obserued by one comelous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Master with a faire and goodly horse: which the King thankfully receiuing,

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

receiuing, noting his miserable nature, and that his gift rather did proceed from hope of gaine, then good will, called for the Turnep; wherewith he rewarded the miserable Aise: at which, he no lesse fretted, then all that saw it heartily laughed. And so I with all such churles to be serued.

The answer of a Gentlemans man to his  
Master.

A Worshipfull Gentleman in London, hauing on a time invited diuers of his friends to supper to his house, and being at supper, the second course conuining in, the first was one of the Gentlemans owne men, bzinging a Capon; and by chance stumbling at the portall doore, the Capon flew out of the platter and ranne along the boord to the upper end of the table, where the Master of the house sat, who making a jest of it, said, By my faith, it is well, the Capon is come first, my man will come anon too, I hope. By and by came his man, and takes vp the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the boord. I thanke you sir, quoth his Master, I could haue done so my selfe. I, quoth his man, it is an easie matter, sir, for one to doe a thing when he sees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the  
fire.

There was a notable drunkard of Rochester whom his wife perswaded as much as in her lay, to leaue that sinne: but the more she spake, the worse he was, and because she controuled him, he would all to beat her. So she let him alone: and because his wife was still to stay out till almost midnight, she went to bed, and had her paid tarry vp for him, and make a good fire: and the paid did as her Mistresse commanded. One night when he came home, the paid let him in, and her stood by the fire and warmed himselfe: but his head being too heavy for his bodie, downe he fell into the fire along. The paid ranne crying, Oh

## Pasquils Jests, and

Mistresse, Mistresse, my Master is saue into the fire. No matter what (quoth she) let him take his pleasure in his stone house where he will himselfe.

Of King Henry and the Country-  
man.

**K**ing Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, hee came by chance to a great gate, that hee must needs passe thorow, and in the way stood a Ploughman, to whom the King said, I pray the good fellow open me the gate: The fellow perceiving it was the King, stood like an image, and said, No, and it shall please your Grace (quoth he) I am not worthy to be in that office; but I will fetch Master Cooper (which was a Justice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and hee shall open you the gate. And so came away as fast as ever hee could, leaving the King to open the gate himselfe.

How a woman, to hide a small fault, shewed  
a greater.

**A** Woman at Stamford had for some cause shaven her head, and netely as she had put off her kerchiefe off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the street. When her neighbour saw her so, shee blamed her for coming abroad bare-headed. Shee remembering her selfe, whipt up her clothes from behinde her, over her head. And so to hide her head, shee shewed her bare taile.

Of a Boobee.

**I**n Conentry two Trades-men falling at odds, the one called the other Rogue, Rascal, Villaine, Base fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of disgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and still whatsoever the other said, he replied, Thou art a Boobee, and I will proue it: then departing in a great chafe: his aduersary laughing,  
and

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

and going in great anger through the Citie, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, That there was a great falling out betwixt him selfe, and such a neighbour, and named his Adversary, shewing also how many reproachfull termes he had giuen him, and still he called him Boobee, and hee was desirous to know what a Boobee was: Why, said his friend whom he met, giue mee but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Boobee is, which he willingly condescended to doe. Being in the Tauerne, one pint was called for with Sugar, and still he was desirous to know the meaning of a Boobee. Nay say (quoth his friend) we must haue the other pint, so it was called for too, and the reckoning by him paid for: hee now desired to know what a Boobee was. Quoth his friend, a Boobee is he that being married a twelue moneth and a day, and hath not sene his wifes Concupiscence, he is a Boobee and no other. Nay then (quoth the Boobee) he saith true: for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to see her Merkin, and coming with the candle, and softly pulling vp the cloathes, there vp with her legges and let a fart, which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more. At which his neighbour heartily laughed, and he remained a Boobee,

A jest of a plaine Country fellow.

A Plaine Country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire. The plaine Country fellow seldome hauing sene a Coach before, admired at the sight he saw, thinking it had bene some heavenly vision: Travelling thus with admiration, he presently meets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Country fellow thus saluted, God saue you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whirling house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Duke of Spades, good honest man. I thought so indeed (quoth the Country fellow) the Knave of Clubs posses after so speedily.

## Pasquils Jests, and

A Gentlewomans witty  
answer.

**A** Gentleman walking the fields for his recreation, over-  
tooke by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very hand-  
some proper-bodied woman, with a good legge and foot, which  
gaue him great content, sel dome hauing sene the like; and go-  
ing forward to see her face, which done, hee thus saluted her.  
Fairst Lady, had I liked you as well before, as I doe behinde, I  
would haue made bold to kisse you. Sir, quoth she, I pray you  
leau your complements, and kisse where you like. At which  
sudden answer of hers the Gentleman departed, hauing not wit  
equall to reply.

How a mad man in Glocester Shire answered  
a Gentleman.

**I**n Glocester Shire dwelt one that cured frantick men in this  
manner: when their fit was on them, he would put them in  
a gutter of water, some to the knees, some to the middle, and  
some to the necke, as the disease was on them. So one that  
was well amended, standing at the gate, by chance a Gentleman  
came riding by with his Hatoes, and his Hounds. The mad  
fellow called him, and said, Gentleman, whither goe you? On  
hunting (quoth the Gentleman.) What doe you with all those  
Hites and Dogges? They be Hatoes and Hounds, quoth the  
Gentleman. Wherefore keepe you them (quoth the other?)  
Why (quoth he) for my pleasure. What doe they cost you a  
yeare to keepe them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.)  
And what doe they profit you (quoth hee?) Some tenne pounds  
(quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fel-  
low: for if my Master findeth thee here, hee will put thee into the  
gutter up to the throat.



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the  
chiefest Gentlewomen in the  
Country.

**T**His notable knaue that vnder colour of holinesse, enticed all the chiefest Patrons of the Country to folly; at last, his doings were defeated and knowne, and hee was brought before the Duke of Ansoy, which to heare the number of them, for his pleasure, called his Secretary to write them downe. The Secretary bad him recount them. The Hermit named to the number of seuen and twenty of the Dukes seruants wiues, and others, and then stood still and said nothing. Is there no moze (quoth the Duke:) No, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Hermit.) Well troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou doest not, thou shalt be sharply punished. Then said the Hermit, sighing, to make by the eight and twenty, write thine owne wife in the number. Whereupon the Secretary for very grieve let fall his pen. And the Duke, laughing heartily, said, I am glad, that he that with so great pleasure, hath heard the faults of other mens wiues, should now come into the same number himselfe.

Of a Holy Sister.

**A** Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and her husband walked abroad, A brother of her acquaintance came to visit her, who after some salutations (and hauing this opportunity) the spirit began to worke, and he must haue a bit to stay his stomach: well, there needed no great siege when the sort is willing to yield. In the meane time one knockes at the dooze. Oh (quoth she) verily we are both vndone, there is my husband at the dooze. Aye mee my holy Sister (quoth hee) what shall I doe: Hide (quoth she) my pure brother your selfe on the Tresser of the bed. So by he got, where he lay in a pittifull feare. She comming to the dooze, another bird of the same feather saluted her, saying, Deare Sister, I met thy husband abroad, and now

## Pasquils Jests, and

I am come to visit thee at home. Oh (said she) he will not stay. He leopards a joynt (quoth he) and into her chamber he rushes, where he said he would use her neither better nor worse then he did his owne wife: shee being loath because of her other companion on the Tetter of the bed, but he would haue no deniall, and she durst not seeme too strange because of their former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the meane time her husband knocks at the dooze indeed, what shift to make with her second loue shee knew not, nor must shee stand to consult, yet at last shee willed him to craepe vnderneath the bed to hide himselfe. Then her husband comming into the Chamber, found the bed tumbled, and other such like suspicion, and enquired of his wife who had bene there, for hee had some cause of ieaiousse: Verily (quoth she) sweet husband, here hath bene no body since you went. Thou liest like a whoore (quoth hee.) Surely (quoth shee) there is one aboue knowes all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking shee had meant him, answered, You lye like a queane, there is one vnder the bed knowes as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discovered.

### Of a Maid that would haue her Maydenhead againe.

**A** Country young Girl, of the age of fiftene, was to be married on the Sunday following, and, on the Thursday before, she came to London to buy a Hat, and her mother gaue her nine Shillings to buy Hat and Band, and bad her buy as handsome a one as she could. The Paide came to London, and at Ludgate hill lighted into a Shop, where by chance the Hatter being a Batchelor, and within, seeing a handsome Paide, thewed her the best and of good price. Shee said she had not so much to giue as he demanded. Why sister (quoth the Habberdasher) if you haue not money, I will take your Maydenhead for payment for my Hat. Maydenhead (quoth the Wench) what's that? Why come vp into the next roome (quoth hee) and I will tell you: which she willingly did, what he did with her you may imagine, but

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

but he had her Haydenhead and gaue her the Hat. The French very glad of this good fortune, of hauing her money againe, and a new Hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewed her her new Hat, which her mother liked exceeding wel: But (quoth shee) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I haue my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter, I hope you haue not stolne it? No (quoth her daughter) mother, the Habbersdasher gaue it me. For what (quoth her mother?) he would haue no money: Nother, (quoth she) he desired to haue my Haydenhead, and had it, and gaue me a quart of wine too, and this new Hat and Band. But thou whooze (quoth her mother) goe take money with you, and gee to London againe and fetch your Haydenhead of him, and pay him for his Hat. Which she did, and comming to Ludgate hill, diuers askt her what she lackt, at last she espied him, and gaue him the Hat: who called her in, and vsstaires they went. Sir (quoth she) my mother hath sent me for my Haydenhead againe, and I haue brought you money for the Hat. What thou shalt sweet heart (quoth hee) and made no more adoe but presently tooke her into his Chamber as befoze. At which iest there was exceeding good laughter.

### Of the two Travellers.

Sir Gregory Fobbe a great traveller, making at an Ordinary, began to relate to Sir Lionell Loudlier, what strange wonders he had scene in his long and tedious travels, (as travellers may lie by authority,) quoth he, I haue scene a Cabbidge so bigge, and great, that it couered a piece of ground some seuen seene akers, & an Army of fifty thousand fighting men stood (to saue them from the raine) vnder the leaues of it, and had not one droppe of raine fall vpon their Armour. Oh, quoth sir Lionell Loudlier, that is nothing to the strange wonder I haue scene, for in my travels I haue scene a Caldron a making so huge

## Pasquils Jests, and

and bigge, that three hundred and fifty men wrought on it, driving in the nailes with great hammers, and they stood so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knock. But (quoth Sir Gregory Fobbe) what was that Caldron made for? (quoth Sir Lionell Loudlier) To boyle your great Cabidge in, and to parboile their tongues that told so loud a lye. Which great wonders moued much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Country  
Maid.

**T**here was a company of merry Youths walking from Hamsted, foure miles from London, met by chance two Country witty Wenches, going from London with Baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, faire Maid, what newes at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the Maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the Maid) as hee lay sleeping in the fields, the Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile, so bigge you can hardly couer it with your face. And so the Maid departed laughing.

A pretty tale of a Bridegroome and the  
Bride.

**A** Man of middle age, hauing bene a notable wencher in his youth, and making loue vnto many, promising marriage vnto them, vntill he had his pleasure of them, and then hee cast them off as his fancy serued. At last was kinder to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly ben so serued in trusting to the promises of young men, they hauing had their wills of her, hee finding they could not preuaile, thought her honestier then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding invited all those with whom he had lien, and wished them to bring enery one a Bride-cake, which they did. His Bride at night asked him what all those Maids were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Whose Maids (quoth he) I haue lien with

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

withall euery one, and as many moze, and promised them marriage untill I had my will of them, which if I could haue had of the, I would neuer haue married the. I (quoth she) haue bene often so serued, and if I should haue bidzen all those men bzing Chæses which haue lien with me, we shou'd haue had Cake and Chæse enough for this twelue moneth. Which the Bride-Grades hearing, fell into a great laughter, and all was discovered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not  
the Law.

A Notable young Rogue, hauing plaid some notable knauish pranks, was for the offence to be whipt, and as hee was ready to be tyed to the Cart, hee said to the Beadle that should whip him: Here is ten Shillings for the, I pray thee vse mee kindly, and deale not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curtesie; but being tyed fast to the Cart, hee whipt him very severely. The fellow called vnto him, and bad him remember his promise: What knaue (quoth the Beadle) dost prate, and talke, and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released, he bethought himselfe how hee might be reuenged on the Beadle: and seeing him stand in the Market, pickes a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the Fellow, from whom he had stolne the purse, saying, Friend, doe you misse nothing, who presently cried out, saying, He had lost his purse. Ponder Beadle hath it (quoth hee) and you shall finde it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes vnto the Beadle, and apprehended him for his purse, who vtterly denied he had it not, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him, he was condemned to die for it. The pick-pocket being imprisoned againe for some small fault, desired hee might be hangman for that day, and it being granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pick-pocket) doe you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gaue you ten Shillings. I (quoth the Beadle) I pray thee forgiue me, I am now ready to dye. I, Sirrah (quoth hee)

## Pasquils Jests, and

thanke me for it, for I pickt the purse, and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, saying, Hold, hold. What knave (quoth the pick-pocket) do'st talke, and peate, and knowest not the Law. And so he turned him beside the Ladder.

The Irish mans welcome into  
England.

A vntravell'd Irish man intended to see England, and arriving at London, chanced to light on a Barbers Shoppe, supposing by his cluster of Basons hanging at the doore, it must of necessity be some penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the language, entred the Shop, and pointed to his mouth; meaning some victualls to stay his hunger. The Barber gathering by this signe, that the poore fellow had paine in his teeth, and desired to have one pluckt out; willed him to sit downe in his Chaire, and approached with his dismall instruments towards the sel-lowes chaps. The Irish man began to wonder at this strange kinde of feeding, giving the Barber to vnderstand (so well as he could) he was neuer brought vp to that kinde of feeding, and with an unmannerly thrust bad him Auant. The Barber halfe discontented, tumbled the Irish man with his Chaire upside down, who sprawling on the ground began to seeke after the doore, and made as much haste to his lodging as he could; where, meeting with one of his Country-men, he prayed him of all lones to depart this Country of England, and returne to that worthy Ireland. For (quoth he) the deuill dwels here, and no honest men, since when a poore stranger makes shew of hunger, the knauish Inhabitants will bzeake out mens teeth like dogges, and so send vs to our Country againe with neuer a tooth in our heads: which caused much good mirth to all that heard it.

The



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

The Gentlemans debt paid, when his beard  
was shaven.

**A** Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had bozrowed of a Jew (of the same towne) a thousand Duckets; and missing his day of payment, hee sought from time to time to absent himselfe from his Creditor. Not long after, the Jew espied him going into a Barbers Shop, and ran presently and fetcht a couple of Serieants to arrest his debtor, now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Jew came and found the Gentleman halfe shaven, and demanded whether he would instantly discharge his debt, or accept of the arrest. The Gentleman being driuen to a nonplus, caught sudden hold of his sword, and asked the Jew, if hee would not attend till his beard was all shaven? Who Jew answered, Yes with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Serieants beare witness what the Jew hath promised. Contented (quoth the Jew.) Well Barber, then I will not haue my beard shaven this twelue moneth. The Jew began to stamp, curse, and ban, and finally procured the Serieants to carry him befoze a Gouernour, who well considering the matter, dismissed both the Gentleman and the Jew, as both free men, without farther challenge of debt, vntill the Gentlemans beard was all shaven, which till his dying day hee neuer suffered. And the Jew lost his money.

A Jest, saving your reverence, worth the  
laughing at.

**I**n a Citie, I finde not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had layd their heads together, to conclude vpon a thing of nothing, as the vse is of such kinde of people, fearing to surfet of fasting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their bzaines set their tongues to worke about wondrous: and hauing made a great noise to little purpose, they fell to  
que,

## Pasquils Jests, and

Questioning among themselves, what was the rarest thing in the world. One, he said, the Phoenix, because there was but one, and she killed her selfe, and liued againe of her owne ashes. Another said a Diamond, because it would write in glasse. Another said, A Parrat, because it would speake like a man. Another said, a true friend, the world was so full of falshood. Another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world. And another said, A one, because it robbed wise men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to say his minde, vpon a sudden falling into a laughing, told them they were all fooles, for hee knew a rarer thing then all they: which they desiring to know, he told them it was a sweet Arse-hole. Whereat euery one holding themselves by the nose, left off their talke, and laughing at the foole, rose from the table.

### Of a Parish Clarke.

Often haue I heard my Grandmother tel, that in her dayes a Parish Clarke of London, hauing bin a notable good fellow, sitting vpon all one Saturday night at Cards, with some of his boone companions, so that vpon Sunday he was very sleepey, in so much that as Master Parson was at Sermon, he fell fast asleepe, when the Minister had ended his Sermon, it fortuned he was still fast asleepe, which a neighbour espying, not willing to haue it seene, steps vnto him, and pulls him hastily by the sleeve, who as it seemed was a dreamt of his last nights play, and presently started vp, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of Ruanes and one and twenty: which caused much good laughter to the Parish, and he was dismiss of his place.

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

A quick conceit of a witty Wench.

**A** honest Country Farmer, whose wife was great with child, and longing for a payze of wood Pidgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all meanes possible to procure them, who against the next Sunday most carefully did as his wife had willed; This plaine dealing man (hearing the last peale to Service) away he hies him: In the meane time his wife (good woman) thinking the time tedious till she had satisfied her longing desire, with all expedition causeth her Maide to lay the Pidgeons to the fire, and being but halfe roasted, shee made a quicke dispatch. In the meane while (Service being ended) her husband inuifeth the Vicar of the Parish (being a Watcher) to dinner, which he most kindly accepted. Comming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and brings him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and calling to his Wife and Maide to bring away the meat, his Wife hauing eaten the roastmeat, and seeing the Vicar to dine there, was much abashed. Tut (quoth the Maide) Dame let it not trouble you, let me alone to salue the matter. Well (quoth her Dame) that shall be tried. When the good man stepping forth at the back dooze, in comes the Wench to Maister Vicar, and tels him, Oh sir, if you tender your owne welfare (as I doe) with all expedition be gone, for my Maister being extreame jealous of you, hath inuited you to dinner, and hath vowed to cut off both your Eones, and when you see him whet his knife on the Cart wheele, (as she knew well he vsually did) then looke to your selfe: which presently her Maister did indeed: at which sight away runnes sir Domine, not knowing of the Pidgeons, but remembryng what the Maide had told him: Presently the Maide comes with open mouth to her Maister, & tels him the Vicar had run away with her Dames Pidgeons, and it would cost her life if she had them not againe: at which, the good man minding nothing but the Pidgeons, made all the haste he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and said, Come again Maister Vicar I beseech you, let me haue but one, my Wife longs for

## Pasquils Jests, and

One of them. Pastur Wicar ruines alway, and sweares not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would save thy life thou knane, I prize my wares at a better rate. At which witty conceit of the Paids the Distresse heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Judge for justice, yet refused it when it was offered.

**O** As Dromo, a certaine Tiler, sitting upon the ridge of a house, laying on certaine roose tiles, looking backe, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little morter, that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap, fell upon a man that was sitting under the house, whom with his fall hee huzised to death; but thereby saved his owne life. Not many dayes after, a sonne of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murder, and haning him befoze the Judge, cryed unto the Judge for Justice: who asking of the prisoner what hee could say for himselfe, received this answer: Truly sir, I never thought the man any hurt, neither did I thinke to fall: but since it was my hap to hit upon him to save my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall have justice: for my selfe, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deale to mee: but let him doe his worke, I care not, I aske no favour: let him goe up to the top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate, let him fall from the place as cunningly as hee can, and fall upon mee to save his life, I will be contented. The Judge seeing the mans innocency, and how farre hee was from intent of any euill to the man whom hee had slaine, willed the Complainant to take this course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his witty answer released.

How

# Mother Bunches Merriments.

How a Merchant lost his purse betwene Waltham  
and London.

**A** Merchant that traualled betwene Waltham and London, lost his budget, wherein was an hundred pound, who caused to proclaime in all Villages and Market Townes, that who so had found the same, and would restore it againe, should haue twenty pounds for his paines. An honest Husbandman that chanced to finde it, brought it to the Bailiffe of Waltham, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when hee deliuered it. When the conetous Merchant vnderstood this, and that he must needs pay twenty pound for the finding of it, he said, There was an hundred and twenty pound in the Budget, and so would haue had his owne money, and twenty pound ouer. So long they strone, that the matter was brought before a Justice. When the Justice vnderstood by the Bailiffe, that the cry was made for a Budget with an hundred pound in it, hee demanded where it was: Here (quoth the Bailiffe) and gaue it him. Is it just an hundred pound (quoth the Justice?) Yes (quoth the Bailiffe.) Hold (quoth the Justice to him that found the Budget) take thou this money to thy vse, and if thou happen to finde a Budget with an hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honest Merchant man. It is mine, I lost no more but an hundred pound (quoth the Merchant.) You speake now too late (quoth the Justice) for your conetousnesse hath beguiled your selfe

## The jealous Merchant.

**A** Rich Merchant of London had a very faire woman to his wife, and was exceeding jealous of her honesty. It hap-  
 pened that hee had occasion to travell into the Countrey, and  
 therefore intreated his wife to grant him one request before he  
 went. What is that (quoth shee?) Onely this (quoth he) that  
 whosoever come to speake with you untill my returne home, you  
 shall alwayes answer so: which shee promised to performe.  
 The next morning hee departed, and presently after dinner  
 came a Gentleman to have spoken with the Merchant, de-  
 manding of the servant for his Passer: Hee is (quoth the ser-  
 vant) gone into the Countrey. Where is then your Distresse  
 (quoth the Gentleman?) the servant answered, Shee is above  
 sir. The Gentleman went by, and found her at her booke, and  
 demanded if she were the Distresse of the house: she answered  
 (according to her promise,) so. The Gentleman asked if then  
 the Distresse of the house were within: shee answered so, the  
 Gentleman was halfe angry at the servant, for informing him  
 falsely, and went downe, demanding why hee had thus mocked  
 him. Sir, quoth the servant, that Gentlewoman that you spake  
 with, is Distresse of the house, but my Passer hath willed her  
 to answer to all demands nothing else, but so, as fearing her  
 inconstancie. The Gentleman went by againe, and began to  
 take more amiable upon the Merchants wife, demanding if she  
 were displeased at his coming: shee answered so. For at  
 this kisse (quoth he:) shee answered, so. But would you be  
 offended (quoth hee) if I should supply your husbands place this  
 night: shee answered so; so the match was made, and the next  
 morne the Gentleman departed. About a month after the Gen-  
 tleman passed by the Merchants house, and espied him and her  
 sitting at the doore, saluted them, and told him, that it was not  
 long since that hee had bene there to have spoke with him, but  
 the Distresse of the house answered to every question, so:  
 perceiving this, I demanded if a kisse would offend her: shee  
 answered, so: whereupon I demanded, if shee would be dis-  
 pleased



## Mother Bunchies Merriments.

pleased if I should that night supply the place of her husbande the still answered, No: The good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, beganne secretly to winkes upon the Gentleman: which he perceiuing, presently altered his tale into a dreame: And then I awaked out of this strange dreame (quoth the Gentleman:) Saw by my troth sir (quoth the Merchant) if it had not bene a dreame, I would heuily haue sworne it had bene my wife.

### The Maids answer to a Serieant

at Law.

I so fortun'd in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serieant and a Counsellor at Law would needs take a paire of Dares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: So sooner were they landed upon the staires, but presently the Serieant spieth a good bigge fat Wench, with her backe towards them stooping, and washing of cloathes, (as is vsuall so to doe:) the Serieant willing to make some sport with the Maid, said unto the Counsellor, Looke here brother, here is a Wench ha's a good bigge fat paire of hanches. I sir (replied the Wench) if you had blowne as much winde into them, as I haue blowne out of them, they would haue bene so bigge, you could scarce haue conuered them. At which ready and witty answer, the Counsellor most heartily laughed, and the Serieant was much discontented.

## Pasquils Jests, and

A Souldier prest to beare a  
Musket.

**A** Rude Germane, and untutored in the Art Military, being service vnder the States of Holland, was presently admitted to choose his weapon, either Musket, Caliner, or Pike, which hee pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer; answer was made, the Crowne a month. Harry then (quoth he) my fathers Aile would proue an excellent Souldier, so: He warrant him to carry twenty, if they be orderly layd vpon a good pack-saddle. At which the Souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

**A** Younger brother of a great House in Germany, was committed vpon an action of Robbery, and being convicted, and sentence of death pronounced against him: hee was very malecontent; wherefore the Preacher came and sought by religious persuasions to comfort him, telling him hee should be of good cheere, for his next meales meat should be in heauen with God and all his holy Angels. (Forthy quoth the Robber) I haue small appetite to any heauenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for me, I will giue you twenty Shillings to discharge the spot. Which caused much good laughter to all that stood by.

The

# Mother Bunches Merriments.

## The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

**T**he souldier not long since, that a Souldier comming to a Barbers shop to be trimmed, sitting in the Barbers Chaire, the better to passe away the time, began to relate unto the Barber some strange passages which in the warres he had bin a spectator of, (soe hee judged the Barber by his looks to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Souldiers, who was so exceeding active and nimble at his weapon, that if five or eight Muskettiers standing five score of ground from him, discharged at him, hee would catch all their bullets generally vpon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my judgement beyond beleefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to be a notable lye, he thought with himselfe how to requite his tale, the Barber said, Sir, wee haue below in this street a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two ROUNDS set against the steeple, and a labouring man going vp the said ladder, did let at euery step going vp, one shot, and two at euery ROUND comming downe. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying, Thou beastly knaue, dost thou compare Partiall seates of warre to your base horse tricks, and runnes out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and halfe untrimmed into the streets, in a great fury, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to see him come out of the shop so disguised.

## A tale of the revenge of a scold.

**A** good fellow newly married, had onely one young child by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearely and tenderly loved, but he was much ginen to good fellowship, and the altogether addicted to sparring and good huswifery: still he blest to come merry home from the Tauerne from his beere companions, to  
her

## Pasquils Jests, and M

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue (for she was little better then a Scold) would oft vphzaid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so often drunk was prejudiciall both to his estate & bodily health; and that it were farre better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Tauerne: with such Patronlike speeches, alwayes concluding her exhortations with a bow, that if ever he came home againe in the like pickle, she would (happen what would come) fling the child into the Boat, (for the house was moated round.) It happened shortly after that hee reuelling till late in a colde frosty Winter evening, shee hauing intelligence by her scouts where he was, made no doubt he would come home sindered, shee commands the Infant to be conuaid to the farther part of the house, and to wzap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rocke it. Presently comes her husband, shee falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him, and hee with her, ill words begot worse, much lewd language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle (hauing spied her advantage) I haue long threatned thee a mischief, and that reuenge I cannot worke on thee (come dogges, come deuils) I will india on thy Wza: in the Cradle, instantly snatching it vp in her armes, and ranne with it to the Boat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the pooze man much afrighted, leaues to pursue her, and leapes into the water by in mud and water to the very chinne, crying, Saue, oh saue the child: now waded he in the Boat in a very bitter cold frost, till he brought out the Pantle, and with much paine and danger comes to the shore, and still crying, Alas my pooze child, opened the eloathes; at length the frightened Cat cryed Peto, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his armes, and ranne away. The husband both amazed and bered, the woman heartily laughed at her reuenge, and the pooze man was glad to reconcile the difference, befoze she would either giue him fire or dry linen.

The

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

The fooles trick to fatten the Popes horse.

I haue heard it repoꝛted, that the Pope had a horse, who foꝛ many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Prouerb, Too free to be fat; foꝛ let his Grooms vse the vtmost of their skill, yet would hee not be fat; of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinalls, Priests, and Gentlemen, in a great surpꝛised his Grooms to turne them away, if they could not finde a meanes to fatten this horse. May it please your Holinesse (quoth his ffoole oꝛ Jester standing amongst the rest) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let mee heare thou ffoole (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to heare a ffoole speake, foꝛ a ffooles bout is soone shot. May it then please your Holinesse (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinall, foꝛ so long as they are inferior men, they looke thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and euer after as fat as ffooles.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A knight that had serued in the warres in France in the time of Henry the fift, and now retiring to liue in his owne Country, had to wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and hauing abundance of lining, thought of some pious worke foꝛ his soules health, thereupon built a faire Church, ioyning to his house a Monastery foꝛ twelue Friers and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Conuent were two Friers, Frier Iohn, and Frier Richard, these were still at enmity, and could not be reconciled. It was the custome of the knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Pattens, her affability and curtesie byed in Frier Iohn a strange vniuall boldnesse, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her comming foꝛth, and she with modesty returned thanks (nothing suspecting) which so incouraged him, that hee wꝛit a letter vnto her, setting downe a great deale of vnnecessary loue, which she admiring, shewes her husband, who pꝛesently caused an answer to be wꝛit, and her name

## Pasquils Jestes, and also M

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue (for she was little better then a Scold) would oft vpbraid him with his expences of moneie, and time, and to be so often drunk was prejudiciall both to his estate & bodily health; and that it were farre better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Tauerne: with such Patronlike speeches, alwayes concluding her exhortations with a vowe, that if euer he came home againe in the like pickle, she would (happen what would come) fling the child into the Boat, (for the house was moated round.) It happened shortly after that hee reuelling till late in a colde frosty Winter evening, shee hauing intelligence by her scouts where he was, made no doubt he would come home snafred, shee commands the Infant to be conuaid to the farther part of the house, and to wzap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rocke it. Presently comes her husband, shee falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him; and hee with her, ill words beget worse, much lewd language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle (hauing spied her advantage) I haue long threatned thee a mischief, and that reuenge I cannot worke on thee (come bogges, come deuile) I will inflict on thy Backe in the Cradle, instantly snatching it vp in her armes, and ranne with it to the Boat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the pooze man much afrighted, leanes to pursue her, and leapes into the water vp in mud and water to the very chinne, crying, Saue, oh saue the child: now waded he in the Boat in a very bitter cold frost, till he brought out the Pantle, and with much paine and danger comes to the shore, and still crying, Alas my pooze child, opened the cloathes; at length the frightened Cat cryed Peto, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his armes, and ranne away. The husband both amazed and bered, the woman heartily laughed at her reuenge, and the pooze man was glad to reconcile the difference, befoze she would either giue him free or dye women.

The



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

The fooles trick to fatten the Popes horse.

I have heard it reported, that the Pope had a horse, who for many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Proverb, Too free to be fat; so let his Grooms vse the utmost of their skill, yet would hee not be fat; of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Bishops, and Gentlemen, in a great fury threatned his Grooms to turne them away, if they could not finde a meanes to fatten this horse. May it please your Holinesse (quoth his Foole or Jester standing amongst the rest) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let mee heare thou foole (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to heare a foole speake, for a Fools bout is soon shot. May it then please your Holinesse (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinal, for so long as they are inferior men, they looke thin and leane; but once Cardinal, and ever after as fat as foales.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A Knight that had served in the warres in France in the time of Henry the fift, and now retiring to live in his owne Country, had to wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and having abundance of lining, thought of some pious worke for his soules health, thereupon built a faire Church, sayning to his house a Monastery for twelve Friers and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Convent were two Friers, Frier Iohn, and Frier Richard, these were still at enmity, and could not be reconciled. It was the custome of the Knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Pattens, her affability and curtesie byed in Frier Iohn a strange unciuill boldnesse, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her coming forth, and she with modestly returned thanks (nothing suspecting) which so incouraged him, that hee wrot a letter vnto her, setting downe a great deale of vnnecessary loue, which she admiring, shewes her husband, who presently caused an answer to be wrot, and her name

## Pasquils Jests, and

set to it, which did appoint Frier Iohn the next night to make her in such a chamber about midnight: which being sent, Frier Iohn reades with exceeding joy, and prepares against the time: The time now come, away to the Chamber goes Frier Iohn, where the Knight and his man meets him, and strangleth him. The deed being done, the Knight begins to thinke of the foulenesse and haynousnesse of the fact by him, and his man committed, presently casts about what to doe with the body. At last he resolves to carie him vnto the Frierie, which was (as I said before) at the end joyning to his house. As his man gets the Frier, and by a ladder conuayes him downe into the Monastrie, and sets him vp right on the house of office. Now Frier Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the house took notice of, by reason of his often going to the steele: and so coming by moone light (so so it then was) to the priuy, drawing nere, spies one there before him, which hee perceiued to be his old aduersary Frier Iohn. Frier Richard being in haste, calls him away, but he would not stirre, hee growing angry, took vp a brickbat, throwes it at Frier Iohn, hits him on the brest, downe falls Frier Iohn all along, not speaking a word, then steps Frier Richard to helpe him vp, and finding him sturke dead, supposing he had kild him, what shall he now doe, the gates are fast lockt, as he cannot; presently remembryng the whispering of Frier Iohns loue to the Lady, and espying a ladder, caries the body into the porch of the Knights Hall. While this was doing, the Knights conscience much perplext, calls his man to see if none were by about the house: his man going downe into the Hall, findes in the porch the body of Frier Iohn returned, which presently he acquaints his Master with, who almost astonished, resolves to try some other project: hee remembers an old stallion that had bene a horse of seruice, now standing in his stable, and withall an old rusty armour hanging in his Armozy, commands both instantly to be brought, with a case of old Pistols, and a Lance: the horse is saddled and caparisoned, the armour put vpon the Frier, and hee fast bound to the seat, the Lance tyed to his wryest, his headpiece clasped on, and his beauer vp, the skirts of his gray gowne, serued for Bases: thus being compleatly armed,

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilst these things were thus sitting, Friar Richard in the Monastery no lesse perplext in mind then the Knight, by ading the strictnesse of the Law, casting all his wits about, thinks it the safest way to be gone: knowing the Miller nere hand to haue a Mare, and being himselfe sat of bodie, thought better trust to foure legges then two, got vpon the Mare, and at bzeake of day out at the gate goes he. Just at the same time when the Knight set forth the Knight arrant, the hourse sends the Mare, and after her gallops: Friar Richard looking backe, amazed to see an armed Knight pursue him, soe hee might partly discerne his face by the Moone, alway flies hee through the streets; after him (or rather faster the Mare) speeds the hourse. With the noise the people are wakened out of their slapes, and looke out of their windowes: it was Friar Richards ill hap to ride into Turne-againe Lane, that had no passage through, there Friar Iohn overtakes him, and the hourse mounts vpon the Mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noise, Friar Richards guilty conscience cryes out guilty, guilty of the murder: at which words of murder the people being amazed runne out of their beds into the streets, they apprehend miracle, and he confessed wonders, but withall, the barbarous fact of murdering one of his owne Conuent. The grudge betwene them is knowne, Friar Iohn is dismounted and sent vnto his grave, Friar Richard to prison, he arraigned, and by his owne confession condemned. But befoze the execution, the Knight knowing his owne guilty conscience, posses presently to the King, makes his owne voluntary confession, hath his life and goods (so) his former good seruice) pardoned him, Friar Richard is released, and the accident still remaines vpon Record.

## Pasquils Jests, and

The finding of a Cuckold, and the fighting  
the devill.

**T**here was a time when a great disputation was held in hell what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoeuer examined by Lucifer and his three infernall Judges, denied themselves to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious devills, by surueying the earth to finde this strange and uncouth creature; and if it were possible to bring him thither alive. With this Commission away goes the deuill upon the earth, and shewes himselfe in the forme of a Gallant, thrusts himselfe into the society of all sorts of people: the Country man knowes not what it meanes, the Citizen denies himselfe to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-faces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him upon an action of slander that sayes he is the man; the Courtier by no meanes will endure to be the man: in so much that the poore deuill was ready to depart to his house of darknesse: being meditating of his ill successe, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at Dice with a company of Gentlemen, hauing wonne all their money, and not willing to lend it them againe, one of them in great rage call'd him Cuckold, at which word the deuill grew ioyfull, hauing found the man so much distressed, and said with himselfe, This is my purchase, and shall be my prize, and bought a great bagge to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walke with him a turne or two in the fields, where drawing him into an uncouth place, he appeares vnto him in an ugly hairy shape, and tells him from whence he came, and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to creepe into his bagge: the man amazed began to struggle with the deuill, who laid violent hands vpon him. It happened that nere vnto this place a poore man was digging of granel, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Baskiffe dogge (which had bene a Beare dogge,) seeing the fiend and the man contend, thought (it seemes) the fiend had bene a beast of the game, by snipps the dogge to take the deuill by the throat, who presently lets

## Mother Bunches Merriments.

lets goe hold to secure himselfe, and away flies he into a Wood not farre off. The Citizen thus escaped, being willing to make much of his preseruer, goes to the man, buyes the dogge, and both of them put him into the bagge that the deuill for haste had left behind, thinks now to put a tricke vpon his Aduersary, imagining he should come againe by and by, which as soone as they had tyed the mouth of the sack fast, kept aside, the deuill percepes forth of the Wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking his sacke, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, thzowes it with all ioy vpon his neck, and doونه sinks he to Don Platoes Court, where no sooner come, but his returne was rumoured in hell, a Synod called, where Lucifer seated himselfe in his wonted state, with all his Judges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this object so much desired, presently summons are made, and the messenger appeares before them with his bagge at his backe, or rather on his neck, and commanded to discover this strange sight: the sack untide, out flies the dogge among them, who seeing so many ugly creatures, thought he had bene among the Beares in Paris Garden; but spying Lucifer to be the greatest, and most ill-fauoured amongst them, first leapes at him, then at the rest, which soeuer stood next him, away flies the deuils, euery one shifts for himselfe, the Sessions are dissolved, the bench and bale dock cleared, that ever since that time the very name of a Cuckold hath bene so terrible vnto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wines, then any that so much as hath the name or character of a Cuckold.

## Pasquils Jests, and

The finding of a Cuckold, and the fighting  
the devill.

**T**here was a time when a great disputation was held in hell what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoeuer examined by Lucifer and his three infernall Judges, denied themselves to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious devils, by surueying the earth to finde this strange and vnconly creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither aliuē. With this Commission alway goes the deuill vpon the earth, and helues himselfe in the forme of a Gallant, thrusts himselfe into the society of all sorts of people: the Countrey man knowes not what it meanes, the Citizen denies himselfe to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-faces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him vpon an action of slander that sayes he is the man; the Courtier by no meanes will endure to be the man: in so much that the poore deuill was ready to depart to his house of darknesse: being meditating of his ill successe, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at Dice with a company of Gentlemen, hauing wonne all their money, and not willing to lend it them againe, one of them in great rage call'd him Cuckold, at which word the deuill grew ioyfull, hauing found the man so much desired, and said with himselfe, This is my purchase, and shall be my prize, and bought a great bagge to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walke with him a turne or two in the fields, where drawing him into an vnconly place, he appeares vnto him in an ugly hairy shape, and tells him from whence he came, and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to creepe into his bagge: the man amazed began to struggle with the deuill, who laid violent hands vpon him. It happened that nere vnto this place a poore man was digging of granel, there lay by the edge of the pit a litle Daffie dogge (which had bene a Beare dogge,) seeing the fiend and the man contend, thought (it seemes) the fiend had bene a beast of the game, vpon which the dogge to take the deuill by the throat, who presently  
lets



## Mother Bunches Merriments.

lets goe hold to secure himselfe, and away flies he into a Wood not farre off. The Citizen thus escaped, being willing to make much of his preserver, goes to the man, buyes the dogge, and both of them put him into the bagge that the deuill for haste had left behinde, thinks now to put a tricke vpon his Aduersary, imagining he would come againe by and by, which as soone as they had tyed the mouth of the sack fast. Slept asleepe, the deuill papes forth of the Wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking his sacke, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, thzowes it with all joy vpon his neck, and downe sinks he to Don Platoes Court, where no sooner come, but his returne was rumoured in hell, a Synod called, where Lucifer seated himselfe in his wonted state, with all his Judges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this object so much desired, presently summons are made, and the messenger appeares befoze them with his bagge at his backe, or rather on his neck, and commanded to discover this strange sight: the sack vntide, out flies the dogge among them, who seeing so many ugly creatures, thought he had bene among the Beares in Paris Garden; but spying Lucifer to be the greatest, and most ill-fauoured amongst them, first leapes at him, then at the rest, which soeuer stood next him, away flies the deuils, euery one shifts for himselfe, the Sessions are dissolved, the bench and bale dock cleared, that euer since that time the very name of a Cuckold hath bene so terrible vnto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wines, then any that so much as hath the name or character of a Cuckold.

## Pasquils Jests, and

### How the Welchman stole a Bull.

**T**here was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pasture, there stood in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his minde that he had better buye that Bull to the Faire, (for there was a Beasts Faire but five miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Chase and steale. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might hap to looke through a hempen window; therefore he procured a beasts taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very faire taile: so to the Faire he buyes him, and takes up his place upon the Miners banke. But the Market proved so slow, that the owner came before hee had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull: which the Welchman hearing, said to him, Sir will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if hee had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that, quoth the Welchman, and presently hee steps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile above the place where he had fastened the false taile, and so resolves it into the Miner, saying, Now sir, will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bleed extreemly, was afraid, and away he went, leaving the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

FINIS.

